

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EVERY CHARM TO IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 19.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1805.

[Vol. I.]

Miscellaneous Selections.

"Furious, that the mind—studious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

ON FEMALE WIT.

WIT has been well compared to the dancing of a meteor, that blazes, allures, and misleads. Most certainly it alone can never be a steady light; and too probably it is often a fatal one. Of those who have resigned themselves to its guidance, how few has it not betrayed into great indiscretions at least, by inflaming their thirst of applause; by rendering them little nice in the choice of company; by seducing them into strokes of satire, too offensive to the persons against whom they were levelled, not to be repelled upon the authors with full vengeance; and, finally, by making them, in consequence of that heat which produces, and that vanity which fosters it, forgetful of those cool and moderate rules that ought to regulate their conduct.

A very few there may have been endowed with judgment and temper sufficient to restrain them from indulging "the rash dexterity of wit," and to direct it to purposes equally agreeable and beneficial. But one thing is certain—that witty men, for the most part, have had few friends, though many admirers. Their conversation has been courted, while their abilities have been feared, or their characters hated—or both. In truth the last have seldom merited affection, even when the first have excited esteem. Sometimes their hearts have been so bad, as at length to bring their heads into disgrace.

At any rate the faculty termed wit is commonly looked upon with a suspicious eye, as a two edged sword, from which not even the sacredness of friendship can secure.

It is generally more dreaded in women than in men. In a Mrs. ROWE, we may presume, it was not. To great brilliancy of imagination, that angelic female joined yet greater goodness of disposition; and never wrote, nor was ever supposed to have said, in her whole life, an ill-na-

tured, or even an indelicate thing. Of such a woman, with all her talents, none could be afraid. In her company, it must have been impossible not to feel respect. If aught on earth can present the image of celestial excellence in its softest array, it is surely an ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN; in whom purity and meekness, intelligence and modesty, mingle their charms.

Men of the best sense, however, have been usually averse to the thought of marrying a WITTY female. Were they afraid of being outshone? Some of them perhaps might be so, but many of them acted on different motives. Men who understand the science of domestic happiness, know that its very first principle is ease. Of that indeed we grow fonder, in every condition, as we advance in life, and as the heat of youth abates. But we cannot be easy where we are not safe. We are never safe in the company of a CRITIC; and almost every wit is a critic by profession. In such company we are not at liberty to unbend ourselves. All must be the straining of study, or the anxiety of apprehension. How painful! Where the heart may not expand and open itself with freedom, farewell to real friendship, farewell to convivial delight! But to suffer this restraint at home, what misery! From the brandishings of wit in the hands of ill-nature, of imperious passion, or of unbounded vanity, who would not flee? But when that weapon is brandished at a husband, is it to be wondered if, from his own house, he take shelter in a tavern! He sought a friend, he expected to be happy in a reasonable companion; he has found a perpetual satirist, or a self-sufficient prattler. How does one pity such a man, when one sees him in continual fear on his own account, and that of his friends, and for the poor lady herself; lest, in the run of her discourse, she should be guilty of some petulance or some indiscretion, that would expose her, and hurt them all.

But take the matter at the best, there is still all the difference in the world between the entertainer of an evening, and a partner for life. Of the latter, a sober mind, steady attachment, and gentle manners, joined to a good understanding, will ever be the chief recommendations; whereas the qualities that

sparkle will be often sufficient for the former.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE: OR THE CANINE CRITIC.

WHEN Garrick first came upon the stage, and, one very sultry evening in the month of May, performing the character of Lear, he in the first four acts received the customary tokens of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, and the big round tear ran down every cheek. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of every one present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion: it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavoring to suppress a laugh: in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the Majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and the tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way, than by supposing the DRAMATIS PERSONÆ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source.

A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench in the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher sat very far back, and the quadruped, finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff; and not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-mounted Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his face, he pulled off, and placed on the back of his

mastiff; the dog being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick, and the other performers. A mastiff in a church-warden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much, it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself at the moment he was most distressed; no wonder then that it had such an effect upon his representative.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
SYMPATHY.

"Come then with me thy sorrows join,
"And ease my woes by telling thine."

It is a pure stream that swells the tide of sympathy—it is an excellent heart that interests itself in the feelings of others—it is a heaven-like disposition that engages the affections, and extorts a sympathetic tear for the misfortunes of a friend. Mankind are ever subject to ills, infirmities and disappointments. Every breast, at some particular period, experiences sorrow and distress. Pains and perplexities are the long lived plagues of human existence; but sympathy is the balm that heals these wounds. If a person, who has lost a precious friend, can find another who will feelingly participate in his misfortune, he is well nigh compensated for his loss. And delightful is the task, to a feeling mind, of softening the painful pillow of the sick, amusing the thoughts of the unhappy, and alleviating the tortures of the afflicted.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
Original Communication.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE TOLLING OF A BELL.

HARK!—the bell tolls!—solemn indeed!—It announces the departure of a fellow mortal!—How often are we called to visit the HOUSE OF MOURNING, and to follow our friends and dearest relatives to the silent mansions of the dead!

The idea of parting with a dear friend, excites the tenderest emotions, and fills the mind with the most *pungent grief*.—Why is it thus? While we are weeping over the grave, are we not too apt to confine our thoughts to the little spot of earth prepared to retain the lifeless corpse, and to lament with bitterness of soul, its return to dust from whence it came? Why do we not expand our thoughts to the blissful regions of immortality, and there view our friend solaced with delight and wonder, surrounded by myriads of the angelic choir, who are shining and burning in love, and bowing in adoration before the source of all wisdom, and uncreated excellence, through the endless, boundless ages of eternity.—Oh, purest bliss, and

lasting felicity!—no alloy—no abatement in all their pleasures! Such are the extatic delights of the followers of the Lamb. "He shall feed them, and lead them to fountains of living waters, and God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Here is the believers hope, and consolation, God himself hath revealed it.

Having this hope respecting our friends, shall we mourn,—mourn that they are so soon released from the ills incident to human life, having struggled through a dissolution of nature, shall we wish them back again? No, let us rather mourn that we are left behind to encounter the dangers and difficulties, sorrows and disappointments, which await us here below, and while we patiently endure, may we earnestly long for that period, which will be a consummation of all happiness.

FIDELIA.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
Selected Communication.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

INDUCED by the interest I feel in the advancement of the usefulness of your literary publication, I take the liberty to communicate the following translation from the French, which appeared in a periodical publication, in London, some years since; should it meet your approbation, which I cannot doubt, its insertion entire in one of the numbers of your Magazine, will be highly gratifying to

HONOKIA.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
ON THE STUDIES PROPER FOR WOMEN.

TO prohibit women entirely from learning is treating them with the same indignity that Mahomet did, who, to render them voluptuous, denied them souls: and indeed the greatest part of women act as if they had really adopted a tenet so injurious to the sex, and appear to set no value upon that lively imagination, that sprightly wit which makes them more admired than beauty itself.

When we consider the happy talents which women in general possess, and how successfully some have cultivated them, we cannot without indignation observe the little esteem they have for the endowments of their minds, which it is so easy for them to improve. They are, as Montagne says, flowers of quick growth, and by the delicacy of their conception, catch readily, and without trouble, the relation of things to each other. It is a melancholy consideration that the most precious gifts of nature should be stifled, or obscured, by a shameful neglect.

The charms of their persons, how powerful soever, may attract, but cannot fix us; something more than beauty is necessary to rivet the lover's chain. By often beholding a beautiful face, the impression it first made on us soon wears away. When the woman whose person we admire is incapable of pleasing us by her conversation, languor and satiety soon triumph over the taste we had for her charms; hence arises the inconstancy with which we are so often approached; it is that barrenness of ideas which we find in women that renders men unfaithful.

The ladies may judge of the difference there is among them, by that which they themselves make between a fool who teases them with his impertinence, and a man of letters who entertains them agreeably; a very little labour would equal them to the last, and perhaps give them the advantage. This is a kind of victory which we wish to yield them. We would, without envy, see them dividing with us a good, whose value is always greater than the labour by which it is acquired.

The more they shall enlarge their notions, the more subjects of conversation will be found between them and us, and the more sprightly and affecting will that conversation be. How many delicate sentiments, how many nice sensibilities are lost by not being communicable, and in which we should feel an increase of satisfaction could we meet with women disposed to taste them.

But what are the studies to which women may with propriety apply themselves? This question I take upon myself to answer; and I entreat the ladies to pardon me, if among all the sciences which exercise the wonderful activity of the human mind, I pronounce that only some are fit to be cultivated by them. I would particularly recommend to them to avoid all abstract learning, all thorny researches, which may blunt the finer edge of their wit, and change the delicacy in which they excel into pedantic coarseness.

If their sex has produced Daciers* and Chatelets†, these are examples rarely found, and fitter to be admired than imitated; for who would wish to see assemblies made up of doctors in petticoats, who will regale us with Greek and the systems of Leibnitz. The learning proper for women is such as best suits the soft elegance of their form, such as may add to their natural beauties, and qualify them for the several duties of life. There is nothing more disgusting than those female theologians, who, adopting all the animosity of the party they have thought fit to join, assemble ridiculous synods in their houses, and form extravagant sects. A Bourignon‡, a Virgin of Venice§, a Madame Guyon¶, are characters more detestable than libertines, like Ninon**.

It is in such parts of learning only as afford the highest improvement that we invite women to share with us. All that may awaken curiosity, and lend graces to the imagination, suits them still better than us. This is a vast field where we may altogether exercise the mind; and here they may excel us without mortifying our pride.

History and natural philosophy are alone sufficient to furnish women with an agreeable kind of study. The latter, in a series of useful observations and interesting experiments, offers a spectacle well worthy the consideration of a reasonable being. But in vain does nature present her miracles to the generality of women, who have no attention but to trifles: she is dumb to those who know not how to interrogate her.

* Anna le Fevre, wife of Monsieur Dacier. She translated Florus, Terence, and Homer, and added very learned notes of her own.

† Gabriella Emmilia de Brcteull, Marchioness du Chatalet. She explained Leibnitz, translated Newton, and commented upon him. We have philosophical institutions of hers, which prove the force of her wonderful genius to all who have learning enough to render them capable of judging.

‡ Antoinette Bourignon, a celebrated visionary, who purchased the island of Nordstrand, to establish a sect of Mystics there. She composed nineteen large volumes, and wasted a very considerable fortune by her attempts to propagate her extravagant dreams.

§ The Virgin of Venice, an old woman, who, supported by Postel, called herself the Messiah of women.

¶ Madame Guyon, a lady of great beauty and fortune, who in the reign of Louis XIV. preached the doctrine of pure love, and renewed the extravagancies of quietism.

** Ninon Lenclos, a woman of gallantry of the last age.

Yet surely it requires but a small degree of attention to be struck with that wonderful harmony which reigns throughout the universe, and to be ambitious of investigating its secret springs. This is a large volume which is open to all; here a pair of beautiful eyes may employ themselves without being fatigued. This amiable study will banish langour from the former amusements of the country, and repair that waste of intellect which is caused by the dissipation of the town. Women cannot be too much excited to raise their eyes to objects like these, which they but too often debase on such as are unworthy of them.

The sex is more capable of attention than we imagine: what they chiefly want is a well directed application. There is scarcely a young girl who has not read with eagerness a great number of idle romances, and peevish tales, sufficient to corrupt her imagination and cloud her understanding. If she had devoted the same time to the study of history, she would in those varied scenes which the world offers to view, have found facts more interesting, and instruction which only truth can give.

Those striking pictures, that are displayed in the annals of the human race, are highly proper to direct the judgment, and form the heart. Women have at all times had so great a share in events, and have acted so many different parts, that they may with reason consider our archives as their own: nay, there are many of them who have written memoirs of the several events of which they had been eye witnesses. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Madame Némours, Madame de Motteville, are of this number. Christina of Pisan, daughter to the astronomer, patronised by the emperor Charles the fifth, has given us the life of that prince; and long before her, the princess Anna Comnenus wrote the history of her own times. We call upon the ladies to assert their rights, and from the study of history to extract useful lessons for the conduct of life.

This study alike pleasing and instructive, will naturally lead to that of the fine arts, which it is fit the ladies should have a less superficial knowledge of. The arts are in themselves too amiable to need any recommendation to the sex: all the objects they offer to their view have some analogy to women, and are like them adorned with the brightest colours. The mind is agreeably soothed by those images which poetry, painting, and music trace out to it, especially if they are found to agree with purity of manners. It was these three charming arts, which, in the last reign, rendered mademoiselle Chéron, so celebrated; a lady in whom the talents of Sappho, of M., and of Rosalba, were united.

To familiarize ourselves with the arts is in some degree to create a new sense. So agreeably have they imitated nature, nay, so often have they embellished it, that whoever cultivates them, will in them always find a fruitful source of new pleasures. We ought to provide against the encroachments of languor and weariness by this addition to our natural riches; and surely when we may so easily transfer to ourselves the possession of that multitude of pleasing ideas which they have created, it would be the highest stupidity to neglect such an advantage.

There is no reason to fear that the ladies, by applying themselves to these studies, will throw a shade over the natural graces of their wit. No, on the contrary, those graces will be placed in a more conspicuous point of view: what can equal the pleasure we receive from the conversation of a woman who is more solicitous to adorn her mind than her person? In the company of such women there can be no satiety; every thing becomes interesting, and has a secret charm which only they can give. The delightful art of saying the most ingenious

things with a graceful simplicity is peculiar to them: it is they who call forth the powers of wit in men, and communicate to them that easy elegance which is never to be acquired in the closet.

But what preservative is there against weariness and disgust in the society of women of weak and unimproved understanding? In vain do they endeavor to fill the void of their conversation with insipid gaiety; they soon exhaust the fund of fashionable trifles, the news of the day, and hackneyed compliments; they are at length obliged to have recourse to scandal, and it is well if they stop there: a commerce in which there is nothing solid must be either mean or criminal.

There is but one way to make it more varied and more interesting. If ladies of the first rank would condescend to form their taste upon our best authors, and collect ideas from their useful writings, conversation would take another cast: their acknowledged merit would banish that swarm of noisy impertinents who flutter about them, and who endeavor to render them as contemptible as themselves; men of sense and learning would then frequent their assemblies, and form a circle more worthy of the name of good company.

In this new circle gaiety would not be banished, but refined by delicacy and wit. Merit is not austere in its nature; there is a calm and uniform cheerfulness that runs through the conversation of persons of real understanding, which is far preferable to the noisy mirth of ignorance and folly. Those societies formed by the Sevignes, the Fayettes, the Sablières, with the Vivannes, the La Fares, and Rouchefoucaults, were surely more pleasing than the assemblies of our days. Among them learning was not pedantic, nor wisdom severe; and subjects of the highest importance were treated with all the sprightliness of wit.

The ladies must allow me once more to repeat to them that the only means of charming, and of charming long, is to improve their minds; good sense gives beauties which are not subject to fade like the lilies and roses of their cheeks, but will prolong the power of an agreeable woman to the autumn of her life*. If the sex would not have their influence confined to the short triumph of a day, they must improve their natural talents by study, and the conversation of men of letters. Neglect will not then steal upon them in proportion as their bloom decays; but they will unite in themselves all the advantages of both sexes.

We live no longer in an age when prejudice condemned women as well as the nobility, to a shameful ignorance. The ridicule with which pedantry was treated had so much discredited every kind of knowledge, that there were many ladies who thought it graceful to murder their native language; but some were still found, who, shaking off the yoke of fashion, ventured to think justly, and speak with propriety; and even at this time there are a small number who are not ashamed of being more learned than the idle man of fashion, and the fluttering courtier.

* It was by her wit that the Dutchess of Valentinois charmed three successive monarchs, and preserved her influence to an extreme old age. It was to their wit that Madame de Verac, Madam Tencin, and several other ladies owed their power of charming when youth was fled. The graces of a fine understanding, improved by study, never grow old.

SONG—From the French.

HELEN, if my voice should prove
Unattuned to tender love,
Read my thoughts, without disguise,
Ever speaking from my eyes:
For, howe'er my voice may be,
Firm my heart's attached to thee.

Diversity.

A COQUETTE'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

I AM, you must know, a young woman whose whole dependance is on my person and accomplishments; and, as I would willingly be married to a man of fortune, a description of both may be necessary.—In the first place, I have a sweet figure, charming teeth, and the finest eyes in the world; my face has a good deal of wholesome flesh and blood about it, and I fancy myself possessed of a constitution very little favourable to the physicians.—Then, as for my accomplishments, I can sing all the songs in Artaxerxes like a Billington or a Banti, have a natural taste for extravagance and pleasure, and am passionately fond of running into debt.—I am, in the strict sense of the word, a bewitching girl, and very happily calculated to break a husband's heart. If any gentleman, therefore, has the least inclination to be made both miserable and a beggar, he can by no means apply to any person more devoted to his service.—But then I expect settlements pretty considerable. For making a nobleman unhappy, I could not think of less than two thousand a year, though fifteen hundred might possibly be accepted from a commoner.

You may, perhaps, laugh, at hearing me talk of making the man miserable who shall honour me with his hand, as an argument in my favor; but you do not remember, that the more universal any custom is, the more fashionable it must be considered; and that making each other wretched is one of the politest accomplishments among certain people of distinction.—Not but that I can preserve appearances tolerably well: I could say "My life!" to a husband, at the same time that I was winking at another man in company; and call him "A dear creature!" at the very time that I thought him the greatest brute in the universe.

FEMALE TALKERS.

IN a country church, where it is the custom for the men to be placed on one side, and the women on the other, a clergyman one day found himself completely interrupted, in the midst of his sermon, by the talking of some of the congregation. So loud were the voices, that the parson was obliged to stop his discourse, and take notice of this breach of decorum. A woman immediately rose, and wishing to clear her own sex from the imputation, said, Observe, sir, it is not on our side.—So much the better, good woman, so much the better, answered the parson, it will be the sooner over.

APHORISMS.

A GREAT woman not imperious; a fair woman not vain; a woman of common talents not jealous; an accomplished woman, who scorns to shine—are four WONDERS, just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the Globe:—At least, so said LAVATER.

We see people, as in perspective, at the first visit; and not until we have had some acquaintance do we see them clearly and in nature.

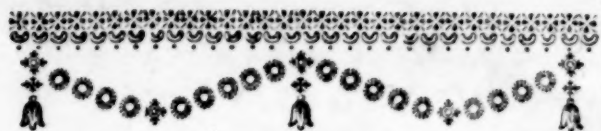
Our ignorance clouds over more things than our learning can dissipate.

The toilet of a woman is an altar, erected by self-love to vanity.

Women, anxious to please, in general disgust. Hymen comes when he is called, and love when he pleases.

If you think that which ought to displease agreeable, it is bad taste; and if you have no resolution to quit what displeases you, it is weakness.

A good reputation is a magnificent tombstone.



Poetry.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

The elegance and taste, as well as the philanthropy, displayed in the subjoined piece of poetry, which attracted my attention on perusing a Liverpool paper of March last, in which it appeared, as an original production, have induced me to request its insertion in the Magazine.
Yours,
LYSANDER.

STANZAS ON BLINDNESS.

AH, think, if June's delicious rays
The eye of sorrow can illumine,
Or wild December's beamless days
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom.
Ah, think, if skies, obscure or bright,
Can thus depress, or cheer the mind,
Ah, think, mid clouds of utter night,
What mournful moments wait the blind!

And who can tell his cause for woe?
To love the wife he ne'er must see,
To be a Sire, yet not to know
The silent babe that climbs his knee,
To have his feelings daily torn,
With pain the passing meal to find,
To live distressed, and die forlorn,
Are ills that oft await the blind!

If to the breezy uplands led,
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
While round him breathes the scented thorn,
But ah! instead of Nature's face
Hills, dales, & woods, & streams combin'd,
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind!

If rosy youth bereft of sight
Midst countless thousands pines unblest,
As the gay flower withdrawn from light
Bows to that earth where all must rest,
Ah, think! when life's declining hours
To chilling Pen'ry are consign'd,
And pain has palsied all his powers,
Ah, think! what woes await the blind!

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

When an opportunity offers for the insertion of this selection, by giving it a place you will gratify one who wishes success to your laudable undertaking.
ARABEL.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

AH! why repine, Philander, at thy lot?
View the poor peasant in his humble cot:
His little offspring pierce him with their cries,
On the straw pallet, lo! the mother lies,
Devoid of comfort, and of generous aid,
By grief and sickness sunk into a shade.

Ye rich, ye great, who waste on sumptuous fare,
What might so many rescue from despair;
O learn the truest luxury to know,
That of relieving indigence and woe;
Affuage the widow's and the orphan's tear,
You'll find the joy you give, return sincere.

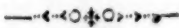
Let not the manners of the present age,
Unnerve the hero, and infect the sage:
To soothe the afflicted, succour the distressed,
To pour the balm in virtue's suffering breast,
Of placid tear will even death disarm,
When earthly grandeur loses power to charm.

SERENADE.

SOFTLY resound each silvery string,
Yield gentlest tones that chords can bring,
ERENIA takes her rest;
But if to sweet repose's sway,
Some troubling thought denies the way,
With love inspire her breast:

Impart some tender sapphic strain,
Let melting love throughout complain,
And reach her inmost soul;
And as it floats in vernal gales,
(Bearing the fragrance of the vales)
My heart-born sighs shall roll.

And thou, sweet maid! in whom combin'd,
The brightest charms of form and mind,
We see in lustre shine;
That fondest hope fet me enjoy,
(I'll all my painful cares destroy)
That thou wilt soon be mine.



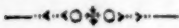
A SONG.

DAMON I love, yet know not why;
But well I know I fondly love;
For me he heaves the tender sigh,
And kindred sighs my bosom prove.

Yet never did this tongue express
The vows that common lovers frame,
Nor have I ventur'd to confess
Our guileless wishes are the same.

Friendship, unheeding, paved the way
To mutual love's enchanting power;
The blossom of the vernal day,
Thus forms the sweet, the beauteous flower.

And when the flower shall fade and die,
Nor leave a single charm behind,
Our passion shall e'en time defy,
And bloom eternal as the mind.



TREACHERY.

IN virgin sweetness, near a grove,
MARIA in retirement dwelt;
She sought no gem but Parents' love,
No smile but Friendship's ever felt.

'Till Flattery, using all his charms,
To her pure heart suggesting joy;
Allur'd the victim to his arms,
And basely conquer'd to destroy.

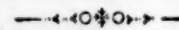
EDWARD observ'd his conquest sure;
He proudly triumph'd to perceive
A Rustic's love so true and pure—
Then left the hapless girl to grieve!

But, can his bosom calmness know,
When he recalls his odious crime?
Must not the sting of lasting woe
Deprive him of each thought sublime?

It must—and now, absorb'd in grief,
He sighs for Virtue's cause betray'd;
No change can proffer kind relief
From sorrows which his heart pervade.

For where there's guilt to cause despair,
And conscience shrinks to find a crime,
No peaceful calmness enters there;
No hopes can fearful thoughts resign.

The anchor of relief's no more,
And fortitude no more returns;
The fav'ring glimpse of pardon's o'er—
While strong remorse the bosom burns.



EPICRAM TO A FALSE MISTRESS.

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have been two months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder!

Hymeneal.

*'Delightful state! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to anticipate the joys of heaven.'*

MARRIDJ—In this town, on Sunday evening last, Mr. John Barnard, to Miss Charlotte Stickney.
On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Dana, Mr. William Watts, to Mrs. Sally Goodhue.

Obituary.

*'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,
'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!'*

DIEDJ—In Portsmouth, Mrs. Abigail Pickering, aged 63.
Miss Hannah Fields, aged 23.

In Wicasset, a Child of Mr. John Holmes, aged 4 years.—The circumstances attending the death of this child, should serve as caution to parents, and to persons entrusted with the care of children, as such melancholy accidents so frequently occur.—A young woman who was left in the house with the child, had taken off a large pot of boiling water, which she placed on the hearth, and having occasion to go out for some wood, left the child playing with a puppy near the fire, she was absent only a few moments, but on her return she found the child fallen backward into the pot and scalded in a most shocking manner, so that after languishing a few hours he expired.

To Readers and Correspondents.

FIDELIA'S 'Reflections,' are inserted with pleasure.—It will be highly gratifying to the Editors to receive a continuation of her favors, and we hope that her leisure and inclination will conspire to favor our wishes.

'Lines on Spring,' from the same hand, are poetical, and as they embrace a most excellent moral sentiment we cannot wait the arrival of the season for their insertion; they shall appear in our next number.

HONORIA, ARABEL, and LYSANDER, are thanked for their selected communications, inserted this day. We hope to be gratified with a continuance of their correspondence.

While others boast of the entire originality of their publications, ours may not possess less real merit, though it consist principally of selections. Original communications, however, will ever be received with thanks from those who, superior to the fear of envious criticism, may dare venture to contribute to our columns.

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